

The Bloomfield Record.

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Home News, Progress and Improvement.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Rev. A. H. Bradford, D. D., at Glen Ridge Church.

HIS THEME, "THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY."

Rev. Mr. Goodwin and Rev. Dr. Bradford exchanged pulpits last Sunday night, and Mr. Bradford spoke in Glen Ridge on "American Missions," the collection for which will be taken there next Sunday. The text was a portion of the tenth verse of the thirty-second chapter of Deuteronomy. "He found him in a desert land and in the waste howling wilderness." He said his subject had been prepared for him, work of "The American Missions." It was the doctrine of the brotherhood of man, which was as important as the doctrine of "The Fatherhood of God" and they should both go side by side. The text was the words of Moses to the children of Israel. They were his last words before he left them. Last words were always words of solemnity and these were the much more so because a trusted leader was speaking words of farewell. The speaker hastily scanned the history of the children of Israel, their bondage and exodus. They were not the only people who had been in bondage. They were ignorant, uneducated slaves with whom Moses had to deal, not unlike those of our own country. There were three classes with which we had to deal here, the first being the Chinese, of whom we had dreaded an invasion in such numbers that they would over-ride us. We had lost that dread as at the present time there were not more than 120,000 degraded but industrious Chinamen here.

The second were the aborigines—the Indians—almost forgotten by us of the East, but who yet have a positive claim. They are not dying out or becoming extinct, as there were as many now as when Christopher Columbus first discovered the Continent. Moved here and there from one reservation to another, crowded across the borders, and ill treated as they had been, yet there were 266,000 of them.

The saddest and the blackest page in history was the record of our treatment of them. No record was so disgraceful as that of our dealings with them. So different from their treatment by the Canadians. They have had no trouble with them, while we have had plenty of it. Ours was a long, dark and black page because politics had come in and promises made were not kept sacred.

The third class was the colored people of the South, of which we are in the greatest ignorance. He heard, I knew by what name to call them, as in an address to them at Atlanta he had called them negroes, and received a letter from one of them who took him to task for it, saying that they were "Afro-Americans." To day there are 8,000,000 of them, having doubled in numbers since the war. They are Americans as much as we are and have the same rights. Their ancestors came from over the water and so did ours. They were inheritors of conditions, as were we.

The responsibility for the condition of this race was as much on the north as on the south, it being a national question and not sectional. Slavery had its influence, as a man without a right to himself felt no sanctity in a promise, the master owning him being responsible. Being only a thing, a commodity in trade, he could not steal, so moral distinctions went down because the slave was not educated. "The old timers" (as they were called) who preached to them preached a peculiar religion of sentiment, as illustrated by Dr. Storrs' story of one of their preachers who said, "I tank de Lord dat I am his; that while I have broke all the commandments I have not lost my religion." He heard one of these old timers preach in full regalia to a Lodge of Odd Fellows. There had been trouble between them and a Lodge of Free Masons, and the preacher used up an hour and a quarter to show that they were superior to the Masons, who, he said, went back to the time of Solomon. Their tools, working with a square, showed them to be old, because they used the square on the stones in the Temple—while the emblem of the Odd Fellows—three links, showed that they used the chain to haul the stone from the quarry and so must be the oldest—the whole discourse being the merest babble. We are all connected with the past, so is every weak of humanity. These people were raised in degradation as deep

as that in which are raised the children of the east side of New York, as compared with the children raised in the atmosphere of Glen Ridge. Did they come into freedom? They did more than that, they came at once into the exercise of citizenship. Lifted right out of slavery a ballot was put in their hands which had as much importance as a ballot cast by the President of Harvard College. An ignorant man, whether born here or across the sea was the equal of any with the ballot in his hand. These people fell into the hands of selfish, designing politicians. Witness the hold these politicians have in New York to-day, because they can manipulate ignorance. They are no worse than the carpet baggers who went South. It had been said that the blacks were natural politicians. Well, said the speaker, I have heard that there were a few white men who were politicians. It has been said that the black men stole naturally. I know of some white men who do it in New York and have even heard of some who did it in Hudson County of our State.

The days after the war in the South were dark and gloomy and I do not wonder that the men of the South rose on the side of justice. The only wonder is that the white men of the North do not rise. There are signs abroad in the South of a spirit to put the blacks back into slavery again. Do you believe in the brotherhood of man? You will be asked some day in tones solemn and impressive.

Jos. C. Price, President of the college at Salisbury, N. C., while traveling had been obliged to go to the back door of the hotel and into the kitchen to get what he wanted to eat, although the equal of any in culture or refinement. In England at colleges and everywhere he was treated with the utmost courtesy. Price could not go to-day in a Broadway restaurant and get a meal. When he spoke in Montclair a southern lady said, oh, why have they brought that great brute here? After his address she came forward, gave him her hand, telling him that she was a Southerner and that he had spoken the truth. That was the act of a true woman recognizing manhood where found.

There are two ways to act towards these people. We can try to crush them or we can be Christians and endeavor to lift them up by use of Christian methods. The condition of these people was recognized by the church before the war had closed. Before the Union Army was mustered out, an Army of Christian workers was organized and sent South to engage in the work of educating the negroes. The question is asked does it pay to educate them?

Persons with eyes can answer that question for themselves. Fred Douglas and a host of others who, on the platform, in congress and in the pulpit are living witnesses of what education can do for that race. Last May, in Atlanta, Ga., I spoke to 800 people who were as intelligent as any in Glen Ridge, with all its culture. Never were there any more courteous or who had more gentility. Now as to what has been done for them. The Congregationalists have done more than any other denomination with the exception of the Methodists. While having only a third of the membership of the great Methodist Church, we have given in money three times as much. The American Missionary Association has done more for the education of these people than all the other churches. Hampton University, Howard at Washington, with colleges at Atlanta, New Orleans and Nashville; besides numerous schools and other institutions of learning.

Think of the appeal to us as citizens. Can we afford to leave that man un-Christianized, uneducated, with a ballot in his hand which he cannot read? The ballot is more important than the bayonet in the hands of the educated masses. It is the appeal for the brotherhood of man. In my own thoughts there are two centres, "God the Father of all" and "All men are brethren." In the Kingdom of God there will be no petty distinctions.

The socialists with all their mistakes are pleading for the brotherhood of man. When the Son of God shall come again who shall say in what color he will come? We know not whether he will be black or white but we know he will come in humanity.

To-day as Christians and as a church we stand in his place. We are Saviours, this church is a company of Saviours who stand in the arms of Christ. To these noble men and women who have gone South to help educate these people we say: God bless you! We will put our hands in our pockets and support you as well as pray for you. God hasten the day when we shall be brothers indeed!

TOWNSHIP COMMITTEE.

At the meeting of the Township Committee last Monday the Road Committee reported that the agreement with the New York and Greenwood Lake Railway Company in the matter of raising the Arlington Avenue bridge had been received signed by the Company. A resolution was offered and adopted that the Clerk notify the Company's Superintendent of Bridges that the street might now be closed pending the construction of the bridge according to the agreement.

Mr. Gilbert reported upon the cost of lighting Bloomfield Avenue from Watseman Avenue to the Newark City line. It was proposed to make a beginning in the use of electric lights on the Avenue, and it was estimated that 25 lamps would be required to cover the distance placed 600 feet apart. They could be lighted with electricity all night at a cost of \$67 each per year, which would be less than the cost of lighting with gas.

The representative of responsible parties in Montclair, about to engage in the furnishing of electric lights, was present before the Committee to inquire if Bloomfield Township was in a position to make a contract for street lighting and disposed to entertain a proposition for lights.

Mr. Stout said that the Township was ready to entertain any proposition that might be made from responsible parties. Mr. Gilbert called for a report from the Water Committee as to what was proposed to be done about a water supply. The present contract with the Orange Water Company being now in its last year. He thought it was time the Committee reported.

Mr. Stout said the Committee was not yet ready to report, and that nothing would be gained by publishing their plans now.

Mr. Rayner submitted a draft of the ordinance that had been prepared in regard to the contract with the City of Orange for building the joint outlet sewer. The ordinance was read and ordered published in the township newspapers.

The Clerk was directed to write to the Clerk of the City of Orange complaining of the serious obstruction made to travel on Glenwood Avenue by the sewer contractors.

Oddities About Men's Weight.
Professor Huxley declares that the proper weight of man is 154 pounds, made up as follows: Muscles and their appendages, 66 pounds; skeleton, 24 pounds; skin, 10 pounds; fat, 28 pounds; brain, 3 pounds; abdominal viscera, 11 pounds; blood, that would drain from the body, 7 pounds. The heart of such a man should beat 75 times in a minute, and he should breathe 15 times during each minute. At that rate, in 24 hours he would breathe 1,730 cubic feet of pure air to the extent of 1 per cent. In the same length of time he should throw off through the skin 19 ounces of water, 900 grains of solid matter and 400 grains of carbonic acid.—Philadelphia Press.

Effect of Sun and Moon on Steel.
A curious fact has recently been noted by the steel workers at Sheffield, England. It is this: Fine edged tools assume a blue color and lose all temper if exposed for any considerable length of time to the light of the sun either in summer or winter. A similar effect is exercised by moonlight, a large crowd saw with which the experimenters were working having been "put out of shape and its temper ruined by a single night's exposure to a first quarter moon."—St. Louis Republic.

Kind's Occupation.
It was in the Sixth Avenue elevated that one fond mother beamed upon an acquaintance and said: "Yes, we are expecting Elsie home for the holidays. You know she's been in Boston perfecting the study of music all winter."

Letting the Soul Pass Out.
The writer remembers a case of a dying woman some few years ago in Essex. She was gasping, and apparently was undergoing the last struggle in great distress. The nurse went to the window and opened it. At once the dying woman breathed deeply and expired. The writer said to the nurse, "Why did you open the window?" The answer given was, "Surely you wouldn't have her soul go up the chimney?"—Popular Science Monthly.

WOMAN AND HER FIELD.

As Laid Out by Mrs. Clara C. Hoffman.

The First Baptist Church was crowded on Wednesday night to listen to Mrs. Clara C. Hoffman, of Missouri, who lectured on "Woman and her Field." She is a woman of middle age, with a good voice and vigorous ways, handling the sterner sex without gloves. She spoke of the many obstacles which had been in the way of woman's progress and instructed the ordaining of women as ministers by the Baptists whom she designed "Wet Congregationalists," as being in the line of progress, and that the Quaker women speak—when they want to; that the Universalists and Unitarians have never excluded women from their ranks of learning; and that the walls of prejudice were breaking down.

A very long while ago her father sent three of her sisters and two brothers away to school (and that was only a portion of his family). The good minister of the church met her father and told him it was all right to send the boys away but guesst he had made a mistake in sending the girls, that the district school was good enough for them.

It was only recently that avenues have opened to women, but now large business enterprises were conducted by them. To-day 82 per cent of public school teachers are women and 65 per cent of all teachers are women.

A mine of money had been spent to keep green the memory of the men who served in the late war, but nothing for those veterans who stayed home and were penniless.

Anna Ella Carroll, who made plans for the country for General Grant, never got a pension and yet a man who only smelt gunpowder could get one.

Mother Bickerdyke, so well known to the Boys in Blue, was a name sufficient to take her in a d d out of our time and who created a revolution in the camps in the rumper she made about bad stores and neglect of the soldier-boys. Yet she who would come in with train loads of fresh milk and eggs for the hospitals was just eighteen years in getting a very small pension and "did not get any back pay." She said that the discipline of life through which the women of the South passed had developed their womanhood as would not have been done otherwise for years. While the armed soldier went to the front women were endeavoring to make sanitary fairs were held with a man at the head, but the woman did the work. The work in that direction by Mary A. Livermore and other brave women can never be forgotten.

Women have found out that they have a genius for business; know how to count money and to keep it. When Women's Boards of Missions were established in the Presbyterian Church there was almost an open rebellion. Why? What do women want with boards? was asked.

The amount raised by the women's board of this church was last year \$2,000,000, and 500,000 meetings were held by them without a man in them to show them how. They never had a single defalcation and they did not come out short either. The reason was that the women did a large business on a small scale, and they had the love of Christ which prompted them to deeds of humanity. She said there could be no love of Christ that has not its manifestation towards mankind.

She asked why it was proper for women to preach in Kangaroo Island and Timbuctoo but not in Bloomfield.

At a meeting of New York State teachers in Albany 700 women were there and 300 men. They wore their best clothes and enrolled their names; the men did the same but were made to pay in addition fifty cents each. A woman arose and said she wanted to speak. The chairman, a good man, was confounded, and asked her what she wanted to do, and she said she wanted to speak to the question. The chairman said, gentlemen, what is your pleasure? After a tempest in a teapot a motion prevailed that she be heard. This was a great many years ago and the woman was Susan B. Anthony, who was earning \$150 per week and boarding around.

Now things are quite different, as in the National Institute the women have quite as much to do as the men. She called attention to the advantages men had over her, as Harvard had been in existence one hundred and forty-five years before women could have even a good common school education. She said "we may not come up to you men in some respects but in others we outstrip you." She hoped they never would be like them in many ways. That they never would make smoke-houses of themselves or test the temptations of the cup. Women had found work to do in the whirlwind of a Lord which swept over the country in 1872, when they went out and closed the saloons, sang songs of Zion and held prayer meetings in them. They closed the saloons but they did not stay closed because women have only a moral influence and it is votes that count every time. In cases of municipal elections the saloons have more influence than the churches because they control votes. Women are in a majority in the churches with only a moral influence, and do not touch the government of the town.

Moral influence does not count, votes do. She closed with an eloquent appeal for women to make their influence felt in the temperance movement, and urged those present to make a liberal collection for the Bloomfield Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

SPREADING SUNSHINE.

BLIND JENNIE'S PATHETIC STORY OF WAYS OF DOING GOOD.

She Has Built a Temple in a Tenement, Where She Holds Sunday School Each Saturday and Sunday—She Has Scattered Sunshine in Many Homes.

In a little east side tenement the lives of a woman "sore afflicted unto God," yet who knows not the nature of repining. Ah, no! If you ask any child of the neighborhood to tell you the happiest, sweetest, most tranquil person in it, I will wager I could point out with unanimity, "Blind Jennie!"

And it is true as true can be. The light has come forever from the eyes, a blight rests on the feeble body, but on the peaceful soul and on the mind illumined are lights no doctor or magician's skill could conjure up, and Jennie, "Blind Jennie," everybody's friend in a Lewis street, backs in eternal sunshine.

A simple little story is Jennie's, a story that I might fill full of tears, I suppose, and much sentimentality. But what is the use of weeping if Jennie smiles? It is not better to rejoice that the little heroine has found so much good to do in the world which has so little good to offer her?

She was struck by lightning many years ago—at least, that is the cause her mother gives of her blindness. This mother, who was a Quaker, was a little flighty at times, and that is one of Jennie's crosses, but it is her unselfish industry, giving and the streets peddling soap, matches and jimmicks, which pays the rent and brings bread to the poor tenement which, the two call home. The bad boys often chase the old woman, taking advantage of her feeble mind, and harass her greatly. There is no crueler beast in the jungles of Asia than the bad boy, and he has not the beast's excuse for cruelty.

After Jennie had been blind some time the disfiguring disease attacked her face. It ate away her mouth and nose and compelled her to wear a thick veil whenever she went out to the church or Sunday school. Doctors said it was a cancer, and attempts were made by a friend to get Jennie admitted to a Cancer hospital, but the physicians said that it was no cancer. And so, with that cruelty which sometimes marks the conduct of our hospital attendants, sworn to mercy and kindness, poor Jennie was driven from one institution to another, and none would have her. None would have her! Shame be it on the name of every one!

And so she retreated to the poor little room, behind another tenement, and there she began her Sunday school. She did not seek for scholars. They came to her as the sparrows did to look for crumbs upon the window sill. They were the children of the very poor. Some of them were of Hebrew birth. The Jennies, others were Roman Catholics. Others did not know if they had been born to any creed, unless it were the creed of poverty and anguish.

How they crowded into that little room! What comfort they found there under the spell of the blind girl, who entertains charmingly in her lovely house on Murray hill, "for I am a veritable kleptomaniac about rubber bands. Whenever I attend one of my charitable meetings I always feel an almost irresistible temptation to put several more than I need around my papers for home use."

"I think the only thing I am really stingy about," admitted a rich bachelor who is renowned for his hospitalities, "are matches. I always light over an old match if possible, and invariably rob the servants if they buy too many."—New York Tribune.

Effect of Music on Animals.
At the zoo the zebra, wild ass, deer and ostrich went into paroxysms of rage at the sound of the piccolo, although had manifestly a certain degree of pleasure over the violin and flute. The tiger was asleep, and refused to be awakened by the fiddler and flutist. But when the man with the piccolo began to play the animal sprang furiously to its feet and rushed angrily up and down the cage, heaving its tail. So extreme was the beast's anguish that the piccolo man speedily gave place to the flutist. The difference in effect was at once apparent. The tiger stopped, listened, lay down and purled like a kitten in its enjoyment of the grateful sounds, and presently fell asleep in luxurious repose.—London Spectator.

The Daily Dinner in Some Homes.
In no way has the spirit of the times brought more change than in the dinner hour and costume. The grandfathers of the present generation thought 6 o'clock a late hour to dine, but now 7:30 is considered early. The master should also don his dress suit, although the Tuxedo coat in one's own home is allowable. The mistress wears a dress as though for a ball, the only difference being in the material, which is plainer, and the gloves, which are worn long. The same formality must be observed in serving the dinner as obtains when a number of guests are present.—Vogue.

A New Game in Paris.
There is in Paris a game called drawing room confidences, which consists in the presentation to each guest of a little album containing a series of questions and predictions, to be answered in writing. The game is certainly not new. It used to be very familiar in London and the provinces some years ago, and perhaps it still lingers here and there in certain English drawing rooms.—London Letter.

How Gluck Composed.
Of Gluck it is said that when he felt himself in a humor to compose he had his pianoforte carried into a beautiful meadow, where, with a bottle of champagne on either side of him, he was able to do justice to his muse.—Harper's Bazar.

A Record of Accidents in and around Boston.
A record of accidents in and around Boston caused by the electric street cars in 1892 shows that 10 persons were killed and 265 injured.

RIGID ECONOMY AND HARD LABOR.

How One Boston Merchant Became Rich and Influential.

"It would be well for the young men of today to take my recipe for becoming prosperous," said Mr. John Shepard the other day as he sat before his little desk in an upper story of his great dry goods house on Winter street. "I began life at the very bottom rung of the ladder, but with a determination that I would succeed if such a thing were possible with the talent that I possessed. Early in life I came to the conclusion that economy was the first great essential in establishing a fortune, and that labor was the second. I banished from my mind all other considerations when I began to work upon the road that I felt sure would lead to the goal of which I was in search."

"I remember very distinctly going down Marshall street one day and having my attention attracted by a most tempting display in a confectioner's window. I had what is known as a very sweet tooth, and I brought up standing before the sweet collection as it suddenly arrested by some irresistible force. My hand immediately found its way to the pocket that carried my meager hoardings, and before I really knew what I was doing I had invested 3 cents in butterscotch. When I got back into the street, I began to have a full realization of what I had done, and it is safe to say that no candy ever entered a boy's mouth that was so little relished as was my butterscotch. I regretted that investment for years, and whenever the temptation again came upon me while passing the store I put it away instantly."

"Keeping close to this line of strict economy, I found myself at last in a position to go into business. Then, however, I commenced to feel that capital alone was powerless in the attainment of success, unless it was seconded by untiring labor. Here also I met all the necessary requirements, frequently devoting 20 hours of the 24 to my business. Gradually I found that I was amassing a fortune, and finally I established a house which now bears my name. After I had accomplished what I started out to do, there came over me an entire change. I had no aspirations to become abnormally wealthy."

"All that I wanted was a safe guarantee against possible disaster in the future. I devoted a portion of my time to the enjoyment of life, believing that I had earned my right to do so. No, sir; there is no use in filling a boy's head with all the new fragments of getting rich, as they are not practical. Economy and labor are the only elements that enter into the plan of successful business."

Not So Fast.
At a dinner the other evening every one was asked to state truthfully what were his or her pet economies, and the result was very amusing, each person being convicted of some small meanness which contrasted oddly enough with his or her style of living. "I must confess I can never resist having," said one grand dame, "I simply hate to buy them, and I always feel a disposition to take one whenever I see a well-garnished punchbowl at a friend's house."

"I am so thankful to hear you say so," exclaimed another magnate of society, "that I am sure I shall be able to do so. I have a lovely house on Murray hill, 'for I am a veritable kleptomaniac about rubber bands. Whenever I attend one of my charitable meetings I always feel an almost irresistible temptation to put several more than I need around my papers for home use.'"

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LOCAL INFORMATION.

RAILWAY TIME TABLES.

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Newark and Bloomfield Branch.

TO NEW YORK.

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